

to leave Ireland by going to the coast. There he found some sailors who took him back to Britain, where he was reunited with his family.

He had another dream—and this is just fascinating and miraculous to me—in which the people of Ireland were calling out to him, “We beg you, holy youth, to come and walk among us once more.” This, again, was the land where he was enslaved and from which he escaped.

He began his studies for the priesthood. He was ordained by St. Germanus, the Bishop of Auxerre, whom he studied under for years.

Later, Patrick was ordained a bishop and was sent to take the Gospel to Ireland where he had been enslaved. He arrived in Ireland on March 25, 433. One legend says that he met a chieftain of one of the tribes who tried to kill Patrick. He converted the chieftain after he was unable to move his arm and so he became friendly to Patrick.

Patrick began preaching the Gospel throughout Ireland, converting many. He and his disciples preached and converted thousands and began building churches all over the country. Kings, their families, and entire kingdoms converted to Christianity when hearing Patrick’s message.

Patrick by now had many disciples, several of whom were later canonized, as was St. Patrick.

Patrick preached and converted all of Ireland for many years. He worked many miracles and wrote of his love for God in confessions. After years of living in poverty, traveling, and enduring much suffering, he died March 17, 461. He died at Saul, where he had built the first church.

That is the story of St. Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland.

#### ORDER FOR ADJOURNMENT

Mr. BROWNBACK. Mr. President, if there is no further business to come before the Senate, I now ask unanimous consent that the Senate stand in adjournment, under the previous order, following the remarks of Senator FRIST.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

Mr. BROWNBACK. I suggest the absence of a quorum.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The clerk will call the roll.

The bill clerk proceeded to call the roll.

Mr. FRIST. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the order for the quorum call be rescinded.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

#### TRIBUTE TO ROBERT LAWRENCE INMAN

Mr. FRIST. Mr. President, on March 4, 1999, Robert Lawrence Inman, or “Coach Inman,” as he was known to his friends—and everyone who ever met him was his friend—“slipped the surly

bonds of earth,” and, I am sure, passed into the waiting arms of his Lord and Savior.

He left behind a loving family. He left behind a grateful community. He left behind two generations of Nashville youth, including my own, who learned much more from Coach Inman than how to succeed on the athletic field.

They learned that kindness is contagious, that a smile is a wonderful gift, that the path to success is paved not with lesson plans and study guides but with encouragement and with support. They learned that life is not about just winning or losing, but about being the best that you possibly can be.

At his funeral last Saturday, at the First Methodist Church in Franklin, TN, the pews were literally packed with people whose lives he had touched in so many personal ways: Fellow teachers from the Ensworth School in Nashville, where he taught for over 30 years, fellow coaches from the Harpeth Valley Athletic Conference—a local sports league he founded for seventh and eighth graders—and family and friends and, of course, students, young and old. For almost all of them, graduation was not the end of their friendship; it continued through college and through marriage and through children of their own.

They literally packed the pews; they lined the walls; they billowed over from the balcony; they crammed the choir loft; they spilled out into the vestibule and literally overflowed into the street—all in an outpouring of love and enthusiasm for a man whose love for children was boundless.

What made him so special? Students of all ages who remembered him last week answered that question far better than I ever could. Their words:

He was always smiling. His smile alone would make you feel better.

Another said,

He always had a story to tell to motivate you—and if he didn’t, he’d make one up.

Said another,

He liked to tell jokes and play tricks to make you laugh.

And yet another,

He always showed he cared—whether it was just a word of welcome, or something much more serious—like tending to injuries in body and spirit.

Realizing that learning does not just end at the school door, Coach Inman started a tradition of outdoor education, initially in the glorious mountains over East Tennessee. There were camping trips with students, all where the students could practice problem-solving or study the stars or really just be together and have a good time.

When some of his students suggested that, “Well, we should have one more outing after graduation,” then began the famous Inman “Out West” trip, an excursion into the truly great outdoors of Mount Rushmore and the Grand Canyon and the Redwood Forest.

Each summer these trips would be the focal point for scores of children. In

fact, several of the Frist family children, including my own son Harrison, shared Coach Inman’s “Out West” adventure—a time that I know they will never forget.

What did they learn from him? Well, in the words of one little girl:

I learned how special it is to stand at the top of the Grand Canyon and realize that—like the water—if we try hard enough, and stay at it long enough, we too can create our own wonders. . . .

I learned that—every now and then—you should stop to look at an old tree because it has learned how to reach up to the clouds and still keep its roots in the earth. . . .

I learned that beauty is everywhere . . . how nice it feels to fall asleep to the sound of a stream . . . how bright the moon can look from the top of a mountain.

I learned that there is a way to teach people without lecturing, and that sharing with someone who you are and where you’ve been is one of the best gifts that you can give. . . .

I learned that love isn’t about conditions . . . that there are good people in the world.

And she continued:

If it hadn’t been for Coach Inman, his words wouldn’t be the ones I still hear when I’m afraid or nervous telling me that I can do anything and that there are people who will support me—even if I fall.

If I could build a mountain, or paint a sky to tell him how much a part of my life he is, then the mountain would stretch out past the clouds and the sky would be the color of smiles and laughter and it would tell him that I love him.

Mr. President, children weren’t the only ones who appreciated Robert Inman. He was six times honored by the Peabody College of Vanderbilt University as an outstanding educator. Singer Amy Grant—herself a former Inman student—donated the funds necessary to refurbish the Ensworth Elementary gym on the condition it be named for Coach Inman.

Commenting on this gift at his funeral, his friend and fellow teacher, Nathan Sawyer, noted that the Egyptian pharaohs believed that if their names were written somewhere they would live forever. Thus, he said, every time a stranger sees that name over the gym and asks who it was that was so honored, the Robert Inman story will begin again.

True enough. But I think he needn’t worry. For as the poet Albert Pike said:

What we have done for ourselves alone dies with us; what we have done for others and the world remains and is immortal.

At a time when there is so much concern about the state of American education, so much concern about the quality of teachers, the lack of good and virtuous example, it is reassuring to know that there was a teacher of the caliber and the character of Robert Inman.

To his loving wife, Helen—who shared his life and his passion for children—and to their three wonderful sons, Michael, Matthew, and John—our love and support. Although Coach Inman is no longer with us, his memory will live on in the inscription over the gym, on the football fields, on the